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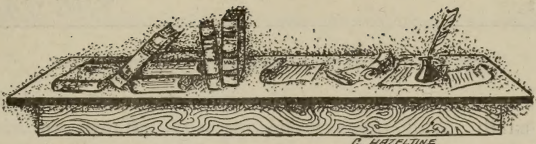
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IF THE TEACHER WOULD ONLY CELEBRATE THE LOUD  
 SOCKS DAY AS SOME OF OUR HIGH-SPIRITED  
 YOUNG MEN DO!





# EDITORIAL

## ANENT AN EXPLODED MYTH

The Editor heard a remark the other day which made him think deeply. He was listening surreptitiously, it is true, but none the less the remark made him ponder profoundly. It happen, thus: Two students (it is left to your own imagination to tell whether they were girls or boys) were reading over together the last issue of The Camosun. As they turned over the first pages they came to the Editorial. One seemed interested, but the other only said: "Awh, that's only the Editorial. It's always full of stuff about school spirit. Turn over to the class reports." And the first readily acquiesced.

As has been said above, this made the Editor think. But he was not hard put to find a solution for this state of affairs. It is quite true that the writer of the Editorials in a school magazine has no other choice but to play continual variations on the old theme, "How's your school spirit today?" And as he writes, Courtesy, Custom and Necessity come like the three Parcae, to guide his pen into the well-worn channels of praise and exhortation. The Editorial in a school magazine must, in plain language, pat the school on the back and at the same time administer a prod to spur the school on to greater achievements. And the Editor must at each edition find a way in which to do this that will appear different from the last, and which will dress the plain truth in palatable terms.

Now this is the Easter message of The Camosun: We have in our school two debating societies, a French Club, a rooters' club, and diverse other organizations, not to mention many forms of athletics, in which the High School needs only the active interest of all its members to become unsurpassed in that field at least. All these activities are ours. We made them. If we neglect them they will naturally die. If we lend them the least support they will flourish. It rests with us. And what is our answer? Let it be noticed that no mention has so far been made in this paragraph of that poor benighted spook call "school spirit." I hereby explode the myth. There is no such "spirit." WE are responsible for the school's good name. But is it WE, "us ourselves," who are the school. The Editor leaves this thought for your consideration.

### ANENT THE WORD "STUDENT"

There is among the group of planets that swing round the sun one called the earth. And there is among the inhabitants of this little globe which is whirled like a grain of dust through the void of infinity, a queer notion as to what the word student means.

When you and I were born we were given our place in the school called "Life." Some of us were soon taken out of school and recalled to our home by the One who sent us. Others lived and began to learn. And some grasped the true reason for our living here, and as they lived, learned more, and suffered a good deal as all students suffer, and were sometimes happy, as all students are happy. And the more they learned the more they saw there was to learn, and the more their respect grew for the infinite wisdom of the Master who taught in the school of life. And having completed their course, some only by the long tedious road of Experience, some lessening the way by means of short-cuts known as High Schools and Colleges, all were at last given their diplomas and returned Home to enjoy a long Vacation.

But a queer thing happened. Those who took the long road of Experience forgot that they were only students themselves, and looked down on those who tried the short cut. And also many of those who took the short-cut thought they had completed their education when they were really only beginning the greatest part of it all. Thus they were grievously disappointed, but they all lived to learn better.

And in the end, those who grasp the meaning of the fact that we are all only students in one great school, are the happier and get the most fun out of their experience, both at school and afterwards.

(The above is written for those who will now see the dignity and value of squaring "X + Y," and conjugating "s'amuser").

\* \* \* \* \*

### LE CIRCLE FRANCAIS

We welcome a new society to the school. Its name, the French Circle, is an index to its purpose. All the Matrics render their sincere gratitude to Miss Hamilton as its founder and guardian angel.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BASKETBALL

Yes, our doughty knights of the gym will probably meet their antagonists and rivals from Vancouver during the Easter holidays. But that doesn't mean they do not get our support, does it? The Editor hopes not, at least, for we have a crack team worthy of our best efforts to support them.

\* \* \* \* \*

### LOUD SOCK DAY

The business management of The Camosun wishes to thank all and several who, on Loud Sock Day, were not in such raptures over their hosiery to forget the bundle of waste paper for The Camosun Fund. We thank you!



## A MARCH NIGHT BY THE LAKE

It is a March night, with just a hint of chill in the breeze that sighs and murmurs fitfully among the leaves.

Overhead, the sky is hidden by great black clouds, edged with silver, through which glimmers the light of a full moon. Moonbeams form long quivering fingers of light on the ruffled water, throwing into contrast the scattered rocks on the margin of the lake.

Yonder, one giant leafless tree stands, its shattered boughs silhouetted against the faintly illuminated sky, one lone veteran sentinel at whose base the water laps incessantly.

On the other side of the lake stretches a low rolling ridge of mountains, clothed with bleak and sombre pines, drawn up in close formation, like a silent waiting host. On them no moonbeam flickers and above them the clouds seem darkest.

Now, gently, raindrops begin to patter on the leaves, the whispering wind is stilled and the moon is lost among the rolling clouds. But it is only for a moment. The raindrops become fewer and fewer until finally the slight shower has passed and the clouds have rolled away, leaving a dripping world, bathed in the light of a clear moon.

Stars come out and, twinkling brightly, offset the pale beauty of the Lady of the Night. Presently the steady swish, swish of a paddle is heard and into sight flashes a long canoe. It glides across the lake, disappears beyond the rocky arm, and silence reigns again, broken only by the weird call of a night bird to its mate, or the feverish scurrying of little forest folk to their safe retreats, secure from the eyes of their too watchful enemies.

—S. O.

## OPPORTUNITY

The hours scarce moved their drowsy wings  
As they idly sauntered by.

"Stagnation!" cried the weary kings,  
"How we wish the time would fly!"

The hours spread wide their filmy wings,  
On they sped in high disdain;  
Passed by the discontented kings,  
Never to return again.

But still the kings are discontented  
As the hours hasten on.  
Of their rash wish they have repented,  
Wailing that their times have gone.

"Stay, stay, O fleeting hours so swift,  
Mock not in such fiendish glee,  
Give us again that priceless gift—  
Golden Opportunity!"

## A MATRIC'S VIEW OF PRELIM LIFE, PAST AND PRESENT

After years of toil and chastisement I now look back upon those dark ages of "Prelimination," in which I experienced so many days of drudgery, but many, also, of joy.

On first entering the High School I was awe-struck. A profound feeling of wonder came upon me when I beheld the spaciousness of the building and when I first found out that the sagacious looking beings who were wont ever and anon to appear from the door of this room and that, were in truth and in fact, only teachers. Then there were the towering Matrics strolling peacefully like demi-gods about the corridors. These gave me a sense of being both small and very timid. As weeks went on, I learned (to my cost at times) that all the huskiest, fussiest and most irrationally tyrannical of the Matrics were Prefects, and insisted on being the guardian angels of everyone in the school. However, they had their uses, for they never seemed to forget their keys like ordinary mortals, and they made admirable traffic policemen for the twelve o'clock rush to the lunch room. All Prelims are well aware of the last fact.

As far as I have been able to judge, the period of Prelim life is a time constituted specially that the teachers may try out on the unwitting Prelim certain caustic phrases which are coined yearly in order to aid him in pounding knowledge into stubborn heads. "Use your head, and not so much chalk!" was quite a favorite in my time. I doubt not that others have been invented since, or possibly Dr. Coue's system is in force nowadays.

There was at least one friend which every Prelim had in common. Time after time have I been in the agonizing throes of trying to do a theorem which I did not know, when the kindly electric bell has given its cheery signal to change classes. Oh, blessed bell! How many hours after 3.15 have ye saved me? Their number must be legion.

As I study the modern Prelim, I find that he (or she) differs immensely from the Prelim of three years ago. The Prelims of those days were supplied with the essential organ, commonly known as the brain. At times they were also known to use it. But the Prelim of today—well, I shall not say more.

In observing the modern Prelim, I have found it necessary in many cases to use a microscope. I have also noticed that many of the specimens which come under my analysis wear short socks and show a marked tendency to bare knees. This amuses me extremely. I had thought the style extended only to bathing beauties and others of the sort.

In regard to the feminine side of Prelim life, I have, of course, had no experience and can only give the fruits of a stray observation now and again. At such times I have observed girl Prelims wonderingly watching haughty Matrics putting the finishing touches to hair,



nose, cheeks, etc., before the first period in the afternoon. This phenomenon has been of great interest to me as a student of sociology.

In closing, I fear I shall call down fierce criticism upon my head by stating that the Prelims of 1920—and before that—will, in all probability, never be excelled. But it is my fond hope and desire as one who knows what "Prelimination" means, that there will arise from future generations students to rival in glory those who were the Prelims of 1920 and are the Matrics of today.

J. PALMER.

### THE VELDT

The call of the veldt is in my blood,  
As I sit and write these lines;  
The call of the grass and river-flood,  
And the call of the golden mines.  
And as I sit and listen still,  
I seem to hear the throbbing mill.  
The days are often clear and sweet,  
With sunshine, hot and bright,  
But often, after mid-day's heat,  
The storm blots out the light.  
And then the thunder rolls on high,  
And lightnings flash athwart the sky.  
But when the storm has rolled away,  
And all is once more light,  
The beauty of the fading day  
Bespeaks a lovely night;  
When stars, like diamonds, fleck the sky,  
And on the veldt the night birds cry.  
I seem to be once more beside  
The dusky Zulu "boys,"  
And see the farms with fenced divide,  
Spread o'er the veldt like toys.  
Where children spend the livelong day  
In pleasant toil and unchecked play.  
In all the creeks the bushboks bound,  
Or timid springboks leap  
About the ground where gold is found,  
Or through the krantzs deep.  
And on the roads the wagons trek,  
Climb up the slope and o'er the nek.  
Thus is the veldt and all its life,  
And thus it will remain.  
Its mingled happiness and strife,  
Its beauty, death and pain;  
For man and beast may war and slay,  
But Nature will unchanged stay.

R. DIESPECKER (Jun. B)



The executive of the Portia Debating Society must indeed be practising Coueism, for, every day in every way the Society is growing better and better in its meetings, membership and the quality of its members' speaking ability.

At their first 1923 meeting, according to the established custom, the election of officers took place. The successful candidates were as follows:

President, Nan Forbes; Vice-President, Dorothy Dean; Secretary-Treasurer, Doris Ford; Camosun Representative, Phyllis Fetherston; Matric Representative, Frances Bennet; Junior Representative, Laurine Gibson; Prelim Representative, Marjorie Raymond.

On January 18th, one of the most interesting events of the school year, the debate between the boys' and girls' debating societies took place in the auditorium. McKay and Bailey, representing the Beta Delta, staunchly maintained that "The School Board should be abolished and all educational matters should come under the control of the Council," while Laurine Gibson and Phyllis Fetherston, representing the Portia Society, won undying fame by defeating their opponents, this being the first time in the history of these societies that the girls have carried off the laurels.

A meeting of great interest to all members took place on January 31st, when Miss Cann, of the Victoria College, spoke upon "Habits." At the close of her talk, Helen Peterson moved a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Cann, which Peggy Harris seconded.

A very large attendance to the meeting on February 21st showed the popularity of the programme, which consisted of impromptu speeches. About fourteen girls spoke, each acquitting herself with honors.

At the regular meeting of the Portia Society on February 28th, Major J. W. Clarke very kindly gave an extremely interesting lantern lecture on "Foreign Lands." Many of the members of Beta Delta



were present in response to an invitation which was previously extended. The meeting closed with the singing of "O, Canada," after which the President of Portia thanked Major Clarke for his interesting address.

The following Wednesday, being Prelims' Day, four first-year students, Hetty Sherrat, Joan Witty, Muriel Barberi and Doris Crompton, tried their oratorical wings. They had an interesting range of subjects, and each proved herself worthy of being a member of Portia.

The meeting on March 14th, which took place in the auditorium, proved a great success. The programme consisted of a reading of Booth Tarkington's play "Beauty and the Jacobin." Those taking part were, Doris Ford, Frances Bennet, Laurine Gibson, Phyllis Fetherston and Peggy Humber.

To all members of the staff who have been kind enough to devote a part of their time to act as judges in the debates or who have

—PHYLLIS FETHERSTON.

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### CADET NEWS

The following promotions and appointments are taken from the Cadet Orders of 112th Battalion for March 19, 1923:

Commander No. 1 Company, Capt. B. Clayton. Commander No. 2 Company, Capt. G. Knox.

Platoon Commanders, Lieuts. W. Nachtrieb, A. Worthington, J. Zarelli, J. Hartley and W. Skillings.

Supernumerary Lieuts.: D. R. MacKay, I. Champion and D. McLennan.

Battalion Sergeant-Major: C. F. Olson.

The shooting has been fair this year, Todd and Samson being probably the pick of the teams. Several of the others are showing excellent form, coming a very close second to these two. the corps has entered three teams in the Canadian Rifle League, two seniors and one junior.

The results for the January and February shoots are as follows:

January: "A" Team, 91.4; "B" Team, 79.8; Junior Team, 76.45.

February: "A" Team, 93.18; "B" Team, 82.8; Junior Team, 76.8.

It will be seen that both the senior teams show an improvement in February over January. Let us hope the advance will continue during the last two shoot-offs.

The annual Cadet Ball will probably take place on April 20.

W. W. BLANKENBACH, Adj.

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### ANNOUNCEMENT

April will be a busy month with entertainments and social functions. The Annual Cadet Ball will be on April 13th; the play, "Julius Caesar," on April 20th, and the Gymnasium Display on April 27th and 28th.



### ICE HOCKEY

The High School ice hockey squad have decided to let the Ker Cup rest in Vancouver for another year. Nevertheless, you've got to hand it to Selman and his crew. The King George High School gave a wonderful exhibition of hockey, and out-played our boys from every angle. Within three minutes of the opening whistle, Henderson, the speedy Vancouver right wing, flipped a fast one past Champion for the first tally. Victoria tried hard to overcome this lead, but Rowan gave them a set-back when he duplicated soon afterwards. The first period ended without further score, although Victoria tried one or two individual rushes which looked dangerous.

Score, 1st period: Vancouver 2; Victoria, 0.

In the next period Vancouver bewildered Champion with a multitude of shots, five of them getting by him for goals. Selman registered three of these, while Henderson was responsible for the others.

Score, 2nd period: Vancouver, 7; Victoria, 0.

Victoria tried hard in the last period, but were unable to register a single tally. Selman again slipped through in this period, scoring two goals, one of which was offside. The period ended with Vancouver still pressing, but with both teams badly winded.

Score, 3rd period: Vancouver, 8; Victoria, 0.

The inability of the Victoria forward line to get working was a big surprise to the High rooters, practically no team work being noticed among our boys. The Vancouver goalie was only called upon to stop about three shots during the entire game. A remarkable feature of the game was its cleanness, not a single penalty being handed out to either team. Victoria is not downcast, however, and they prophesy great things for next year. The final score was: Vancouver, 8; Victoria, 0.

The line-ups and positions were as follows:

Victoria	Position	Vancouver
I. Champion .....	goal .....	MacIntyre
T. West .....	R. Defense .....	Whitmore
Lock .....	L. Defense .....	Hudson
MacDonald .....	centre .....	Selman
Foster .....	R. Wing .....	Henderson
W. Locke .....	L. Wing .....	Giles
Player .....	Reserve .....	Rowan
D. MacDonald .....	Reserve .....	Spouse



### GRASS HOCKEY

The High School Grass Hockey Team has been doing great things this term, under the capable management of Mr. English. The first game of the season was with the Victoria Club men, which resulted in a three all draw.

Our boys next tackled St. Aidan's team, and emerged victorious from the first game, after an overtime period, the final score being, Victoria High, 3; St. Aidan's, 2.

In the next meeting of these two teams a two-all tie was formed, which remained unbroken after two overtime periods. This gave our team the series, however, by the odd goal.

The team next met and defeated Oak Bay High by a score of two to one. This was a hotly contested match, and proved a source of great satisfaction to our boys after the engagement.

Indeed, Mr. English is to be congratulated for his successful coaching of a team which is performing so well, and from which we great deeds in the future.

The team is composed of Peacey, Winter, Bailey, Calderwood, Hodgson (captain), Phillips, Emery, Charlton, Jones, Shanks, Wallis, and Smith and Snyder (spares).

\* \* \* \* \*

### BASKETBALL

The Boys' Basketball Quintette are shaping up splendidly, and are faithfully preparing for their match with Vancouver. They have successfully played the College and Normal School, while in a game with Oak Bay High they obtained an overwhelming victory to the tune of 48 to 8. Needless to say, the whole school looks to them to make themselves renowned by the big achievement, namely, a win over Vancouver. The present line-up is, Parfitt, McClennan, Olson, Wachter, Mackenzie, Bothwell and MacLean.

In the Matriculation inter-class series, Division 2 were the winners, with Division 3 the runners-up. Wachter was the high scorer in this league, which afforded a great deal of interest and was well supported by the students.

In the Junior League, Division 10 were victorious, with a splendid record. In all their games, not one defeat have they suffered. This is an enviable reputation, and Division 10 deserves praise for their splendid showing.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SOCCER

The High School Soccer Team received a rude set-back in the Junior City League when they learned that several of their games in the holidays had been defaulted. This team has not been receiving much support, but are, nevertheless, trying to bring honor to the school.

In the inter-class series, Division 10 were victorious, defeating Division 5 in the semi-final by 2 goals to 1. In the finals Division 22

tried hard to down them, but eventually lost out by a score of 6 to 3. This gave Division 10 the championship. Hearty congratulations, Division 10.

The gym squads are practising hard for the gymnasium display to be held soon, and under the efficient management of Major Harvey are becoming more and more proficient.

An innovation in High School athletics is the Harriers' Club. Several runs have already taken place, not to mention a paper chase. This is a splendid opportunity to those boys who intend to compete in the June track events, and it is hoped they will avail themselves of it.

Only one league rugby game has been played this year, when our Juniors met the Oak Bay Private schools. The eventual result was 8-6 in favor of Oak Bay.

\* \* \* \* \*

## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

### BASKETBALL

The Senior and Junior Girls' Basketball teams have shown a really sportslike spirit in all the games which they have played. The players have been victorious many times and have never gloated over their less fortunate opponents, as so many players do, and when they have lost they have lost with a smile. The very highest praise that can be awarded to any team is that they know how to lose with the proper spirit. The V. H. S. is proud of you, girls.

#### Senior Team

The Girls' Senior Team has played two games against the College, losing and winning one in each case. The girls have already won from one visiting team, that of the 'Varsity of Vancouver. When the players first went on the floor it looked as if our girls were not going to have a chance against their Mainland opponents because of their superior size and strength. But what are size and strength compared to speed, agility and combination? We won easily.

The way in which the game was played showed that the team has every chance of winning the McDonald Cup from King Edward High when they play here on April 7th. For the past two years the cup has been won by former teams of this school, and if it is won by our team this year it means that it stays within the four walls of the old school for ever more. You'll win, girls! Keep up your nerve! Remember we're behind you every time.

Line-up: Jeannette McQueen (capt.), Isobel Crawford, Dorothy Melville, Kathy Wellburn, Mona Dunn.

\* \* \* \* \*

### JUNIOR BASKETBALL

The junior girls deserve great credit for the way in which they have played, winning from the College, Normal School, Gordon's, Oak Bay High, Telephone No. 2 and The Times, losing only one game to Telephone No. 1 Team.

One of the final games between our girls and the Normal, played on Saturday, March 17th, proved to be the best game played this season. At the commencement of the game the High scored three baskets in succession, and it looked as if we were going to win easily, but the Normal got going and the game was close all the way through, resulting in a tie. But the Normal got their last basket during the second five-minute overplay, and some say the game should be the High's. If it is given to the High, they only have to play The Times and beat them and the silver is theirs. Your playing is bringing honor to the school, girls!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Inter-Class Series

Many games were played in the knock-out league, which took place between the different classes in the school. Good games they were, too, helping to promote, in a large degree, that great and essential thing, school spirit. The two teams playing right through to the end were Division 23 and Division 28, both Preliminary classes. Hurrah for the Prelims! In the final struggle between these two teams Division 28 won, and in doing so won the cup.

Junior team line-up: Betty Harris (capt.), Peggy Watson, Audrey Jost, Marjory Wiffin, Audrey Field.

#### THE BEAUTY HOMES OF ENGLAND

The beauty homes of England,  
I wonder what that means;  
The palaces and castles  
Of England's kings and queens?

Of course, they're very lovely,  
Displaying money horde,  
But can they match their beauty  
With the art works of our Lord?

The English homes of beauty  
Are not castles rich and fair,  
But the humble country cottage,  
With God's flowers growing there.

The beauty He has given us,  
Far exceeds the work of man,  
And yet we praise our own poor toil.  
On His we lay a bann.

The purest, simplest beauty,  
Round these humble homes we find,  
Beauty that he fondly gave us,  
Unmixed with vileness of mankind.

E. R. D. (Div. 19)





It is with fellings of having done their "bit," to the best of their ability, that the members of Beta Delta look forward to the close of the spring session. Although the course of the regular meetings since Christmas has been somewhat interrupted at times, still a creditable amount of work has been done since the beginning of the term, even if the major share of the burden has fallen upon the few "old reliables" who may be seen any Thursday in possession of the Library, trying, like a forlorn hope, to make up in interest what the meeting lacked in audience.

Still it is not an "audience" we want for Beta Delta, is it? What we want is a few more fellows who have enough interest in life to know they are alive. There are too many audiences in the world already, and that applies just as truly to Victoria High School. And, by the way, if there be any of the sort who, "like violets by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye," stay away from the meetings because they fear that their delivery is not polished enough to suit critical Beta Delta audiences, let them attend one meeting. This is what they will find: A little group of fellows who know they are making mistakes in grammar, and who know their knees feel like butter every time they face the audience, but who get up and speak and get over their mistakes and really have some fun in the process.

However, as Caesar said when Cicero ate the crab salad, "*De gustibus non disputandum.*" Some day, sometime, somewhere, nearly every man has to speak in public. The world likes a man who, when he has something to say, can say it. But modest violets are a drug on the market.

The first meeting of the spring term was on January 18th, 1923. It was the occasion of a debate between Portia and Beta Delta: "Resolved that the School Board of the City of Victoria should be abolished and all educational affairs put in the hands of the City Council." Sad to say, our star debaters, Reg McKay and Bert Bailey, in upholding the affirmative, were beaten on a close decision by Miss Laurine Gibson and Miss Fetherston. However, our fair competitors must admit that the representatives of Beta Delta had a hard side to prepare. Aside from this, the only reason Beta Delta did not win was because Miss Gibson and Miss Fetherston spoke too well altogether.

There were meetings on February 22nd, when L. Coates, Knox, Winters and Wallace spoke; and on February 8th, when Montaldi, Cecil Dick, Calderwood and Howard were the speakers. Again on March 1st, Mr. Cornett gave an interesting talk on the history of the

Beta Delta Society. Another debate took place on March 8th, when preliminary teams debated the question, "Resolved that newspapers are a menace to Society." The decision was awarded to the negative.

On March 15th there was a debate, "Resolved that at its next sitting the Legislature should introduce a Bill providing for Government Inspection of Private Schools." Zorelli and Dick were successful in supporting the negative against a team of Juniors.

On this occasion the meeting was conducted in parliamentary form and the decision was reached by a vote of the members. After this meeting the financial statement of the proceeds of the Mock Trial, held on February 16th, was read. The net profit on the Mock Trial was \$121. All this goes to buy books for the High School Library.

And now a word about the famous Beta Delta Mock Trial of February 16th, which was advertised far and wide. Its success was richly deserved. For two hours gales of laughter swept through the audience, and in the end the trial has provided more than one score of laughs as well as a library. For its success let us thank firstly, Mr. Farr, the guiding genius of the whole affair; secondly, Bert Bailey and Reg, McKay, the hard-working and hard worked attorneys; thirdly, the finance committee, Hap. Champion and Tom Wilson; and lastly, everyone who in any way did their share to make the trial a success, for everyone did his best. Also thanks are due to Portia for the lunch which all enjoyed alike.

Beta Delta desires, in closing, to wish the school as a whole a Happy Easter.

It was with great reluctance that the members of Division 4 bade farewell to one of their most popular members, J. Palmer, more commonly known as "Jazz." A farewell party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Calderwood, where everyone spent a most enjoyable time. We wish Jazz the best of luck.

\* \* \* \* \*

Charlton wants to know if "Matriculation Caesar" is any relation to Julius Caesar.

In fifty years from now, McConnell will probably be heard singing: "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Wonders

We wonder how—  
 Fleming wields his feet.  
 Florence wields her form.  
 Beulah does that wink.  
 Alice laughs that laugh.  
 Barbara writes such compos.  
 Sally makes such eyes.  
 Mitchell makes such noise.  
 Ce n'est pas possible?



The Camosun extends its sincere appreciation to all Exchanges, and wishes to especially acknowledge: The Aurora, The Trinity University Review, The Calendar, Acta Victoriana, and The Western Canada College Review. These numbers contained some snappy and original jokes, which we in turn pass on to our subscribers.

\* \* \* \* \*

**The Latin Version**

Boyibus kissibus sweet girlorum,  
 Girlibus likibus, wantibus moreum;  
 Pater come walkibus into parlorum,  
 Kickibus boyibus, exodus doorum;  
 Darkibus nightibus, no lamporum,  
 Climibus fencibus, breechibus torum.

\* \* \* \* \*

—The Calendar.

"Money talks. It spoke to me once."

"What did it say?"

"Goodbye."

\* \* \* \* \*

Minette—Would you wear a rented bathing suit?

Georgette—Dunno. It depends where the rent is.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be sent home," said the angry Judge.

"Hurrah!" yelled the prisoner.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Abee, mien son, vy for you go der shtairs up two mit a time?"

"To save mein shoes, fader."

"Vell, be careful you don't shplit your pantz."

—Awgwan.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We have a cuckoo clock in our room."

"Ours doesn't work very well, either."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do you know how the rats get in here?"

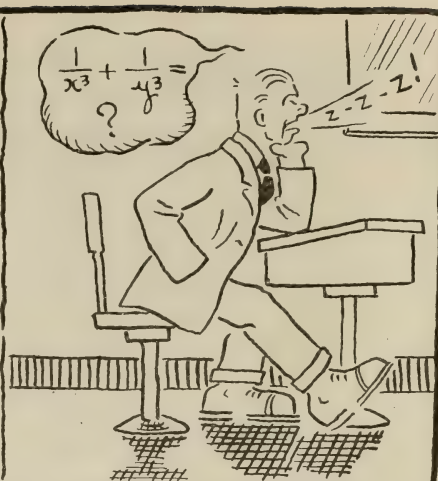
"Naw!"

"Uh-huh!"





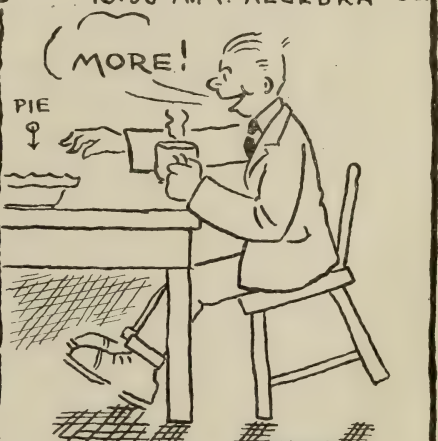
9:17 A.M.



10:30 A.M. ALGEBRA



11:30 A.M. FRENCH



NOON HOUR



2:30 P.M. ENGLISH



A LITTLE

3:30 P.M.

• A STUDENT'S BUSY DAY •

### QUITE A CONVERSATION

Characters—A Boy and his Aunt

Place—On a Train

Boy—What is that, Auntie?

Aunt—Oh, that's corn, dear.

Boy—What is corn, Auntie?

Aunt—Why, corn is corn, dear.

Boy—But what is corn made of?

Aunt—Why, corn is made of dirt, air and water, darling.

Boy—Who makes it, Auntie?

Aunt—God makes it, dear.

Boy—Does He make it in the daytime or the night?

Aunt—In both.

Boy—And Sundays?

Aunt—Yes, all the time.

Boy—Ain't it wicked to make corn on Sundays, Auntie?

Aunt—Oh, I don't know! Do keep still, Freddy, that's a dear, Auntie's tired.

(Freddy remains silent for a while, looking out of car window).

Boy—Where do the stars come from, Auntie?

Aunt—I don't know. Nobody knows.

Boy—Did the moon lay 'em?

Aunt—Yes, I guess so. (Wicked lady).

Boy—Can the moon lay eggs, too?

Aunt—I suppose so. Don't bother me.

(A short silence. Freddie is looking out upon a pasture now. Watch out. Here it comes).

Boy—What is that, Auntie?

Aunt—A cow.

Boy—What's the man doing to the cow?

Aunt—He's milking her dear.

Boy—Where do they put the milk, Auntie?

Aunt—Oh, in her mouth!

Boy—Did you ever see them put in the milk?

Aunt—Oh, yes.

Boy—Where?

Aunt—I mean—no! Freddie, you must be quiet. I'm getting crazy.

Boy—What makes you crazy, Auntie?

Aunt—Freddie, do stop! You ask such foolish questions. I'm all fagged out. You will drive me crazy.

(Leans her head against the back of the seat in front of her and sighs. Freddie places his mouth against the window and soliloquizes).

Boy—Oh, Auntie!

Aunt—Yes, dear.

Boy—Did you ever see a little fly eat sugar?

Aunt—Yes, dear.

Boy—Where?



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## MUNDAY'S

THE BRITISH BOOT SHOP

1115 Government Street

Mention this Magazine

Aunt—Freddie, sit down on that seat and be still, or I'll shake you. I won't be tormented to death. Now, not another word. (Pointing her finger at him as if she were going to stick it through him).

We had better leave Auntie here while she is supreme. Freddie has more questions.

Query—If a boy is a question mark, what is a girl?

### VANITAS VANITATEM

It has often been observed, by those who are of a philosophic and contemplative turn of mind, that the student's, or more especially, the schoolboy's life, is one "devoutly to be wished." Indeed, so much has been said of the joys of school and in such frank and extravagant hyperbole, that for me to give utterance to any wild laudations or untenable eulogies upon these much-lauded institutions, would, to say the least, be decidedly uncalled-for. I shall, therefore, in order to exculpate myself from the charge of plagiarism, and thus of evoking the criticism of my satirical friends, undertake to champion that side of an argument which perhaps a wiser man would have religiously avoided.

In making my observations I should wish my readers to bear in mind two things. First, that I am speaking as a student, to students; and second, that I can in no way vouch for the truth of the things which I am about to record. I do not mean to infer, however, that because I cannot guarantee the veracity of my statements that it is my desire to deceive. Neither must you imagine that it is my deliberate intention to warp some pure young mind with ideas which may be worthless and inappropriate. Such is not my desire, and indeed never will be. My purpose in writing down these observations was absolutely an altruistic one and entirely free from anything that might savor of obsequiousness. My reason for being unable to vouch for the truth of my statements being that the experience I am about to relate was a vision, and I have not yet been able to decide whether it had its origin in the regions above or whether it was wafted like a vile odor from the kingdom of darkness. This, however, need in no way detract from the interest of my story or furnish any reader

with a pretext of speaking disparagingly, although it may arouse in some a spark of caution.

Some weeks ago, I found myself plunged in a spirit of profound contemplation upon the sorrows and tribulations of the student's life. And, being as I am, somewhat of a critical and sophisticated nature, and not given to accepting any idea or theory without first ascertaining its reasonableness, I set myself diligently to seek for a vision of truth that might cast a gleam of light amid the darkness and delusion all about me. It was with this object in my mind that I set forth in true Wordsworthian fashion to commune with Nature.

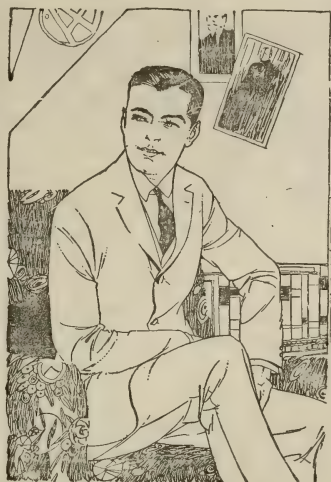
I had proceeded for perhaps six or seven miles into the country, when I was overtaken by an inexplicable desire for repose, and having seated myself comfortably on a mossy stone, fell to listlessly admiring the landscape. Of a sudden, however, the scene changed, and methought I was transported to a huge hall, the like of which, either in size or construction, I had never seen. At one end of this great building, and partially obscured in shadows, sat the figure of a man. What a man! As I looked upon him I trembled, and with ill-concealed apprehension my knees smote together. His visage was of a pallid green, to which the black and stubby hair of his ill-shaven chin only gave an added ghastliness. His eyes were small and pig-like, and contrasted oddly with the gigantic proportions of his body. The size of his mouth, however, amply made up for the more meagre proportions of his eyes, and upon further observation I noticed that a huge tusk protruded from each corner, which gave to his horrible countenance an expression of awful savageness.

At the opposite side of this great hall were six massive doors, through which a steady stream of youths and maidens entered the building, apparently unconscious of the hideous creature. Above one of these doors I could, with some slight effort, read the word "Commercial," and over the other five were the inviting words "Science," "Agriculture," "Arts," "Technical" and "Vocational." I had been perusing this interesting spectacle for some minutes when I heard a voice from behind me saying: "Think well upon the scene before thee, O man, for therein lies the secret of the sorrow of human life." Upon turning to discover the speaker, I was unable to see anyone, and was about to resume my cogitations, when once more I was arrested by the voice: "The scene before thee, O man, is that period of life known as youth. He who sits upon the throne yonder is the God of Learning."

Once again I turned to see the speaker, but was again unsuccessful.

"They who are entering by the six portals, O man, are students," said the voice. "Some are entering because they think that through those doors is the road to happiness. Others believe that by passing the threshold of those doors they will gain wealth. And still others are entering because they imagine that from thence is the path of glory."

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---

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Victoria



At this point I was surprised to see among the throng of eager and unsuspecting young faces many of those whom I recognised as friends and acquaintances. There were some that I had known as orators; others that I recognised as athletes, and still others that I remember as being addicted to the dancing habit. Almost without exception these young people were entering the fateful doors of the Hall of Education (for such was the name of the building) without one sign of diffidence or the least tremor of distrust. But presently, to my horror, I perceived a thin wreath of some dense white smoky substance dart out from beneath the feet of the monster and envelop a number of the foremost adventurers. This new terror was sometimes in the shape of an "X" and at other times a "Y" or an "A," varying its form with the most amazing vicissitude. The shrieks and groans that arose from its every attack were most sickening, but I observed they were quite unheard by the companions of the victims.

"Yonder malicious spirit, O man," said the voice, "is the science known as Algebra."

This was, however, by no means the only spirit which haunted the place. For scarcely had the fatal "X" passed a spot, than it was followed by another spirit whose form varied from a triangle to a circle and then again to a polygon or a straight line. At this moment I noticed several extremely agile young persons who were vainly pursuing an old and tattered scroll. Their reason for engaging in so strenuous a chase, I was unable to discover, for the scroll was in such a dilapidated condition as to be quite worthless. Nevertheless, its pursuers could not be persuaded to abandon the chase, although many of them were very red-faced and blowing hard. I perceived, moreover, that some of them had suffered considerably from the ravages of the two spirits first mentioned. So deeply was I affected by the sight of this unhappiness that I was almost on the point of tears, when once again I heard the mysterious voice—

"Yonder scroll, O man, contains writings in an ancient tongue known as Latin. They who engage in the pursuit of it are invariably exhausted and worn out, but never succeed in overtaking it."

Many other miseries might I describe, but I do not wish to tire my readers by my ill-judged loquacity, nor shock them by describing scenes not altogether ambrosial. May it suffice, therefore, when I say that out of the vast multitude of those who entered the Hall of Education, only a very small percentage succeeded in gaining those things for which they had set out. And even they, for the most part, were so shattered and bruised as to be totally unable to enjoy the delights and privileges of their position.

Having thus depicted a scene so horrible and at the time so pathetic, it might not be beyond the bounds of propriety to point out the effect that it has had upon my view of life. Such an experience could have but one effect, and that a sobering effect, and hence it may not appear strange when I say that a sadder but an infinitely wiser man have I been ever since. I am, moreover, inclined to agree with the ancient prophet, who said, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

# BLOTS AND SPLASHES

A member of the faculty is suspected of having some private interest in the recent discoveries at Luxor, for, of late, he has been heard to mutter, "Tut! Tut! Tut!" (with due apologies).

\* \* \* \* \*

## Extract from "The Psalm of Life" (?)

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We should strive to do our best,  
And departing, leave behind us,  
Note-books that may help the rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Pride

First Frosh—See that man over there? That's the captain of the team.

Second Frosh—Yeh.

First Frosh—See the pipe in his mouth?

Second Frosh—Uh-huh.

First Frosh—See the smoke coming out? It's lit.

Second Frosh—Sure.

First Frosh—Well, he did that with my match!

—Brown Jug.

\* \* \* \* \*

## More School Howlers

The following are a few questions and answers from the examination paper set by the great Thomas Edison:

Q.—What is the skeleton?

A.—The skeleton is what is left after the insides have been taken out and the outside taken off.

Q.—What does Geometry teach us?

A.—How to bisect angels.

Q.—What is a circle?

A.—A circle is a round straight line with a circle in the centre.

Q.—What is a net?

A.—A net is a number of holes tied together.

## The Psalm of Division —

Mr. H. is our Algebra teacher;  
 We shall not flunk.  
 He maketh us write down many equations;  
 He leadeth us along the paths of learning;  
 He lowereth our marks.  
 He showeth us surds for our own sake;  
 Yea, then we walk home in the gloaming,  
 We shall gain no rest for his ghost shall haunt us,  
 His voice and his look follow us,  
 Surely the thoughts of his teachings will follow us all the days  
 of our lives.

\* \* \* \* \*

## De Praefectis

When Caesar chased the Treveri,  
 Among the hills of Gaul,  
 He never could a victor be  
 Without his prefects tall.  
 So, now in good old V. H. S.,  
 How could we get along, unless  
 Our Prefects tall we had, I guess,  
 To hearken at our call?

## SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

Of medium height, with high forehead and fine aristocratic features, but showing in glance of eye and curve of mouth and chin a strength of character like the flexible but unbreakable strength of tempered steel; such was my first impression of Sir Henry Newbolt. As he spoke one could discern under his calm poise of manner the vast stores of experience upon which he drew, and the spirit of the man seemed to speak louder than his words.

The message which he brought to the students of our school was straightforward, inspiring, and full of the philosophy of hope. Sir Henry preaches Dr. Coue's doctrine in a way that is at once refreshing and wholesome, with its own points of superiority over the system of "day by day."

Everyone that heard him felt that here was a man who knew whereof he spoke. His words gave expression to something which we knew long ago to be our true feeling, albeit we could never to our own satisfaction give it expression in words.

Sir Henry is a product of Rugby and Oxford, and is a Doctor of Literature and a Doctor of Laws.

He divides with Kipling the love of the English people for one who can express in splendid verse the thoughts and aspirations that are in the heart of every Britisher. He is of good old British stock, coming of a family that for 500 years has lived in its ancestral manor and done its bit generation after generation for the Empire. "Drake's Drum," "The Fighting Temeraire," "Admirals All," are among the



finer works of his pen. Then there is that stirring poem which I shall quote, for it contains in a word the creed of Sir Henry and is in itself the expression of a noble sentiment:

### Vitae Lampada

There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight—  
Ten to make, and the match to win—  
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
An hour to play, and the last man in.  
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,  
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,  
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—  
"Play up! Play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red—  
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;  
The gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,  
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke;  
The river of death has brimmed his banks,  
And England's far, and honor a name,  
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:  
"Play up! Play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year  
While in her place the school is set,  
Every one of her sons must hear,  
And none that hear it dare forget.  
This they all with a joyful mind  
Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
And, falling, fling to the host behind—  
"Play up! Play up! and play the game!"

As Sir Henry read this poem he brought out the deep feeling of the theme and put a vivid meaning into those strident, appealing words, "Play up! Play up! and play the game!" This is a poem that will last for ages, for it has the power to make mediocre men "like unto the gods," and carries a message for all ages and nations. It is the spirit of Emerson speaking in beautiful verse, "Do that which is assigned to thee and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much . . . nothing can bring you peace but yourself, nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

I attended the lecture which Sir Henry delivered in the evening, and heard an old problem presented in a way which was interesting and instructive. There are only two points in his lecture which I should like to remark upon, for they are one with the character of the speaker.

One was: "As to patriotism, there are different opinions. In France they include a course of patriotism in their instruction on Civics. For my part I think a teacher best teaches patriotism when he is not speaking of it at all."

Then Sir Henry recalled the dictum of Tacitus in his definition of a Roman gentleman, as one who "respected his own dignity and took thought for the freedom of others." Sir Henry's remarks on this point appealed to me strongly. The above is the definition of an ideal which Sir Henry is at present spending his best energies in furthering. In fact, it applies very well to himself, does it not?

—D. J. McD.

### SONNET

O that one breath of clover-scented June  
Would steal its way to me, and with it bring  
The thrush's music, and the joyous ring  
Of meadowlark among the fields at noon;  
O to behold once more the daisies strewn  
Among the dewy meadows, and to feel  
The Summer winds that through the grasses steal,  
Kissing the dreaming flowers till they swoon.  
Sweet humored Summer, mother of the earth,  
Among the mystic shadows of thy face,  
Have I, in hours of carefree, pastoral mirth,  
Caught glimpses of thy mild benignant grace—  
A power, uplifting from material things,  
Which joy and comfort and sweet solace brings.

—M. S. MAYNARD.

### MY DAY

In humbler ways of life I walked,  
A student only, and unknown;  
Of dreams of life and fame I talked,  
While ever toiling on alone.

Then to my desk came tardy Fame,  
And in my ink her quill she dipt.  
She boldly penned her magic name  
Upon my bulky manuscript.

Now people bow and kneel to me—  
The folk I'd knelt to on the way!  
But now, in Fame's security,  
I pass them by. It is my day!

Sometimes a really good Shakespearian representation is given.  
And when ours is given you should not miss it.  
The Matric play "Julius Caesar" comes off on April 27th.  
And you are going to enjoy seeing it.

You like to see snappy basketball?  
You also like to see V. H. S. win out.  
Therefore, you are coming to help your team beat Vancouver.



### MATRIC A—DIVISION 1

#### Ode to an Alarm Clock

Tinkle, tinkle, little bell,  
 How I wish you were in —— well,  
 Anywhere but where you are,  
 China would be better far.  
 When at night I hit the hay,  
 Tired and weary from the day,  
 I can scarcely close my eyes  
 When you tell me I must rise.  
 Some day, when my school day's o'er,  
 When knowledge have I in full store,  
 Then revenge will sure be mine,  
 And you'll be set for half-past nine.

How perfectly doth this rhyme express the sentiments of Matriculation A!!—Editor.

### MATRIC B—DIVISION 2

Once again Matric B is deeply indebted to Miss Helen Peterson, who, on February 23rd, threw her home open to entertain us to our third class party. Those who attended spent a very enjoyable evening, but, ah! why are there so few stairs? Supper is so much more appetizing when eaten on the shadowy stairway. What say we all? Ah, why must we go home? Still, great is the pleasure when stepping homeward to the magic strains of a cornet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nan Forbes (before the mirror)—Always remove the first layer before applying the next.

\* \* \* \* \*

Laurine Corbett — Our speed artist (especially when drawing geometrical figures).



### MATRIC C—DIVISION 3

We have several great people in our class, the first of note being Reggie MacKay, our stalwart lawyer and speech-maker. The only point that we can find against him is that he dislikes open windows, but perhaps this is because he thinks it will spoil his voice.

The next person of note is Pie Parfitt, one of our stern prefects. He also is quite a good speaker, even though he would measure oxygen in a granulated jar.

\* \* \* \* \*

It gives us no small thrill of delight when we think that perhaps in the years to come our children may read with awe "Bothwell's 'Life of Coates'."

\* \* \* \* \*

Coates—I don't see how Noah could see during all that flood and darkness.

Bothwell—He probably had arc-lights aboard.

\* \* \* \* \*

Coates—I had my hair cut yesterday.

Bothwell—And now a load is off your mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Burrridge is at last returned to us after her long absence from school. We all wish her the best of success from now on, and are all glad to welcome her back.

### MATRIC D—DIVISION 4

It is quite apparent that Division 4 is still feeling the effects of the class party held recently. Hambly and Daniels were both given C.B. for trying to fox-trot during drill, while Warren and Blackett were heard in a heated argument, of which only the following was distinguished: "She loves me, she loves me not."

\* \* \* \* \*

The members of Matric D excelled themselves in their gaudy apparel on loud socks and tie day. Mitchell looked like Socrates in disguise, whilst Calderwood—O ye gods! He must have been reading about the fashions in the time of Good Queen Bess.

The girls—well, 'nuf said!

\* \* \* \* \*

At the present we are bewailing the loss of one of our classmates, J. Palmer, who has resolved "to see the palms and temples of the south." We all join in wishing him the best of luck.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have all rugby players got hard heads? Champion was at the board engaged in breaking up a fraction in Algebra, when our worthy Maths teacher said:

"Don't do it that way, Champion; use your head!"

Never mind, Happy, you got it anyway.

### MATRIC E—DIVISION 5

For the pleasure of Division 5 and their friends, a dance was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, Linden Avenue, on Friday evening, March 9th. Mr. Hamilton Smith was the guest of honor and the members of the class expressed their appreciation of his presence in happy little speeches to which Mr. Smith responded. A vote of thanks is due to Mr. and Mrs. Peterson for their hospitality.

A particularly sad feature of the evening was the accident which occurred to our well-known comrade, Wright. He was reported missing at 12 p.m. A search party was immediately formed. He was finally found, however, in an indistinguishable state drowned in the punch. The victim has sufficiently recovered to be back at school, the only severe injury being to his pompadour.

We wish to extend our sympathy to our class-mate in his affliction.

\* \* \* \* \*

We learn in chemistry that when cheese is burnt and a match held to the gas given off, it goes out. We have also observed that if the cheese happens to be limburger, you go out, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. D.—Well, Patrick, have you got your notes up alright?

Patrick—Up! Why, sir, I haven't got them down yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sampson was distributing guns to his cadet squad the other day when, fearing that he had missed some students, he gave this extraordinary command:

"All those without arms hold up their hands."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dunn happened to be dozing while the English teacher read out a paragraph to be corrected and awoke just in time to hear: " . . . the bathtub in England."

When asked for his corrected version, he stammered that this should read "England in the bathtub."

Exit Dunn.

(N. B.—Rather forcibly).

\* \* \* \* \*

Teacher—Davis, where are you going?

Davis—Aw, I was goin' out to shoot crap.

Teacher—Why, Davis, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Imagine killing such harmless little animals!

### JUNIOR A—DIVISION 6

#### Spring Fever

Division 6 starts on a botanical excursion to Beacon Hill Park.

Teacher—Here comes our car now.

Barlow—Transfer, please.

Conductor—What do you want a transfer for?

Barlow—Well, how do you think I'm going to get home?

Class alights at Park Boulevard, but Findler proceeds towards Ross Bay Cemetery reading The Buzzer.

Teacher—Now, class, examine this grass.

Atherton (pulling at leaves)—She loves me, she loves me not.

Locke—Oh, dear, I will never forget them again.

Kelly—What do you mean? The girls?

Locke—No, some crackers for the swans.

Teacher—You will be interested to know that the bulb of this species sleeps through the long winter.

Miss Simpson—Ain't Nature wonderful!

Miss Edwards—I just love everything in nature.

Cornell—Cootsi-coo.

Teacher—Now hunt around for some more specimens.

Meanwhile Findler discovers his mistake and rushes in with a wreath (from the cemetery)—Please, sir, isn't it pretty? I couldn't find anything else.

Teacher (absently)—Be on hand tonight.

Knox returns with a St. Bernard mastiff—This pup is lost and hungry.

Teacher—His ribs are a fine example of a compound inflorescence, put him with the other specimens.

Turner turns up, dripping wet—Scovill bet me a chocolate bar I couldn't reach this water lily and now he won't pay.

Miss Dunn produces a cake of her own manufacture and serves tea on the lawn. The class is later conveyed to their homes, thanks to the Victoria Ambulance Company.

### JUNIOR B—DIVISION 7

Mr. English (during Botany period)—Can anyone tell me the names of the roots that grow from the eyes of potatoes?

Voice from the rear—Eyelashes.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### The Latest Publications

"The Housing Problem," by Rufus Quick.

"Saanich as a Pleasure Resort," by A. Huckleberry.

"Table Etiquette," by O. U. Hogg.

"A Ripping Holiday," by Iona Ford.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### The Tragedy of Junior B

(With apologies to R. W. Service)

The bell had rung, and the silence hung

Like night's dark mystic pall,

But the class just stared at the figures strung

O'er the blackboard on the wall.

Then, with a mighty sigh, that rose on high,

And thunder-clouded brows,

They figured and raved while the time flew by,

But alas! for their "Finished nows,"

The sums were wrong and the sentence long,

For the law no lapse allows.



Miss Carveth—Don't you just love Shakespearian roles?

Marion Tree—Well, I don't really know. You see our baker doesn't keep them.

### DIVISION 8

Hiawatha (apologies to Longfellow)

By the shores of Cuticura,  
By the sparkling Pluto Water,  
Lived the Prophylactic Chicklet—  
Danderine—fair Buick's daughter.  
She was loved by Instant Postum,  
Son of Sunkist and Victrola,  
Heir apparent to the Mazda.  
Through the Tanlac strolled the lovers,  
Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered.  
"Lovely little Wrigley Chicklet,"  
Were the fairy words of Postum,  
"No Pyrene can quench the fire,  
Nor an Aspirin still the heartache;  
Oh, my Prestolite desire,  
Let us marry, little Djer-Kiss."

\* \* \* \* \*

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Let it be known to all and sundry that the class motto of Division 8 has been unanimously acclaimed to be: "Use a little common horse sense."

\* \* \* \* \*

Chas. has to answer to a good many names, varying from "Muston" to "Miss Mesty." Everybody is a little "misty" as to what he will be called next.

\* \* \* \* \*

Griffiths (reading in Room 23)—I lead my speckled harem forth. (Loud laughter proceeds at various points throughout the period, some dull minds start to see the joke. He has since received many questions as to when he adopted the Turkish custom).

### DIVISION 9

A very enjoyable evening was spent on Saturday, February 10th, at "la maison magnifique" of Mademoiselle Marie Ross, Rue de St. Charles, when Division 9 turned out "en masse" to have a good time. At the early hour of one a.m. the revellers adjourned to their respective maisons. We hope, at some future date, to meet again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Palmer (excitedly)—I'm getting on splendidly in French now. I can shrug my shoulders without any accent.

\* \* \* \* \*

Division 9 claims to be the spiciest class in School since the addition of a whole lot of Curry, who is all that his name implies.

## DIVISION 10

Our soccer team has won the inter-division school championship, and our basketball quintette has also been successful in the Junior series. Therefore we, the members of Division 10, would thankfully receive the commendation of our school colleagues on our meritorious success since our entrance to the fields of sport.

Thank you!

\* \* \* \* \*

We dreamed that we died  
And to heaven did go;  
"And where do you come from?"  
They wanted to know.  
When we said "V. H. S.,"  
Oh, didn't they stare!  
They said "Come in quick,  
You're the first class from there!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. —: Miss Tooley, please translate.

Audrey speaks as usual for some minutes.

Mr. —: Well, Miss Tooley, when are you going to begin?

## DIVISION 11

## A Summary of Some o' We

Tall and serenely he gazes the while,  
We wonder if Snider can really smile.

Mathews is our grinning boy  
Whose face portrays perpetual joy.

Peppy, if small, is Jessie Gray,  
We miss her when she stays away.

Happy, clever, tall, is she,  
Miss Stuart's affinity, Miss Bee.

Millie Stephens, so quiet and sweet,  
But yet there's a saying: "Still waters run deep."

Fraser is a handsome lad,  
Funny, clever, never sad.

The life and soul of all the class,  
Miss Trotter is our laughing lass.

A wonder at basketball is Audrey Field,  
Who only to French is known to yield.

Victor Montaldi has the gift of the gab,  
Except when ensconced in the Chemistry Lab.

Hux and Heritage, the inseparable pair,  
Can you tell us anything they wouldn't dare.

No matter when you look at him, he's always kissing 'er (Kissinger).

\* \* \* \* \*

Every time Morley Neal stays away from school the class in general has heart failure, thinking that he might have fallen through one of the cracks in a man-hole cover.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Absolute Necessities for Division 11

Neal—A nurse and baby carriage so he can get safely from room to room.

Fraser—An alarm clock and a new excuse for not having his home work done.

Hadfield—A life-size photo of ———, which he can conveniently carry in his breast pocket.

\* \* \* \* \*

Heard in Room —:

Miss —: And how many mistakes have you, McEwan?

Bob—N-none, ma'am.

Miss — (with a sad eye fixed on Mathews)—Yes, a friend in need is a friend indeed.

---

## DIVISION 12

Our Division is noted for its fine, clear-thinking boys. We account for this through the fact that there are no noisy girls to worry us.

\* \* \* \* \*

Downard is the human talking machine of the class. He will try for the championship of the world in chinwagging. He is a lot better than any woman.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bill Locke is our famous hockey player. He eats stoves and bullets to keep up his iron constitution.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bud Sims is a regular horseman. He hangs around horses so much that he is beginning to look like a horse himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bill Dickinson is a budding orator and a regular detective magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Paul Die is good at French and speaks it like a Dutchman. He is our conception of a "Rudolph Vaseline." We think his father has a vaseline factory, or he plasters his hair with a mixture of glue, mucilage and auto grease.

\* \* \* \* \*

Griffiths is our dance fiend, and Kilpatrick is a radio expert.

\* \* \* \* \*

Downard is famous for his one-minute speeches. Once he called Fromson a "low lid flat wheeler." For definition apply to Downard personally.



Fromson is a boy never to be forgotten. See him once and he fills your vision for ever. He fell asleep in Physics once, and uttered in his slumber, "Marjory, Marjory, why hast thou forsaken me?"

\* \* \* \* \*

We greatly regret the loss of Raymond Hunt, who has gone to California. We know he will "outyank the Yank."

### DIVISION 13

Mr. Br.—Who was Boyle?

Logan—A chemist, sir.

Mr. Br.—Who was Young?

Hole—I was, sir.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Some animal trainer that wants to be useful should train moths to eat holes like lace," says McLean's. Probably our Scotch friend, McConnell, wrote this. We suggest that some brilliant enterprising chemist trains H<sub>2</sub> SO<sub>4</sub> to eat holes like lace. It never made our clothes anything but rags.

\* \* \* \* \*

Captain Boyd (after reading "Morte d'Arthur")—If I gave you my fourteen carat gold watch to throw in the harbor, what would you do?

Student—I'd pawn the watch and buy you a ticket to New Westminster.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the penalty remains constant, the amount of home-work done by Division 13 varies inversely as the number of girls in library.

Note: This law does not hold if one or more teachers are present.

### DIVISION 15

**Edith McKay.** Edith is the possessor of a happy disposition that knows no care or worry in this cold world.

"I'll dance and sing, the merriest there;

No care my breast shall move."

**Catherine Carrey.** About little Miss Carrey there is something genuinely attractive, but we have not discovered what it is yet.

"I'll dance and play, dance and play,

And wrinkled care beguile."

**Florence Saunders.** Florence is the bulwark of our class. Everybody runs to her for "information wanted."

"Though 'tis scandal and gossip, what signifies that?

For I never believe what I hear."

**Mildred Milby.** Mildred is elected the vamp of our class by a unanimous vote. Who could look her in the eyes and say "Nay?"

"A charming fair,

Her eyes were bright as diamonds,

And curly was her hair."

**Helen Boyce.** Our typing champion has an inexhaustible flow of good spirits and hilarious mirth (which really seems to overflow in Rooms 19 and 32).

"Her snaring smiles, sweet nature's wiles,  
Are equalled not by many."

**Mary Martin.** Nothing can dampen Mary's gay spirits, not even the rain.

"I'll be merry and free,  
I'll be sad for nobody."

**Effie Lindsay** Effie wears a sad and pensive look these days, which makes us all wonder what the cause may be.

"I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,  
I wish I had my heart again."

\* \* \* \* \*

A stands for Addie, a boy in our class,  
B stands for Miss Bradshaw, who is a nice little lass,  
And for smiling Miss Boyce, I'll tell.  
C stands for Coull, and Miss Carey as well.  
D stands for little Miss Dunaway, too.  
E stands for Eller, who's sporty and gay,  
F for Miss Ford, whose hair from worry is not yet grey.  
H for Miss Hargreaves, that dear little dame,  
H stands for Miss Hume and Howard.  
L for Miss Lindsay and Lee, our young artist.  
M for Miss Milby and two little Miss Martins,  
For Miss McKinnon and Miss Middleton, too,  
Also for Miss McKay, she causes all the teachers pain.  
N for Miss Nichols, who in spelling wins fame.  
R for Miss Ritchie and S for Miss Saunders,  
For Miss Watson, W; and then we have Y for Miss Young.  
And last, but not least, in my list,  
Comes Z for Miss Zarelli, that beauteous maid,  
To the end of my little rhyme I've come at last,  
So you will know all who are in our class.

---

## DIVISION 16

Arranged in all its splendor and glory on "Loud Sox Day," Division 16 sallied forth, and with becoming modesty saw only half the glances of the faculty and fellow students. Our artistic genius upon the occasion was most noticeable. Even Christie, our "Infant Phenomenon," had a red tie on!

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Cooley—This coffee tastes like the quality of mercy.  
Miss Ellis—Why, what is the matter with it?  
Miss Cooley—Oh, it wasn't strained.

## DIVISION 17

## Familiar Sayings of Famous People

"3.15" (all too frequent).

"Perfect silence, please!"

"Class, PLEASE stop talking."

"I'll have to report you."

"I can't go on like this."

"I can't teach with all this row."

\* \* \* \* \*

Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.

Therefore, three late one office interview and two days'

C. B.

—Q. E. D.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. ——— asked Shade a question the other day, and received a reply from Miss McMillen.

Mr. ———: Miss McMillen, is your name Shade?

Unknown Voice—Not yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

The whole class has been thrilled for weeks over the exciting tale of Nicholas Nickleby, and the sighs of Rosalind in the Forest of Arden. In fact, so thrilled have they been, that upon leaving the room they purposely bang their seats in order to be called back again and made to perform the operation quietly.

## DIVISION 19

By the kind invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Mason, Division 19 and 22 held a Valentine party at their home on February 9th. The house was very prettily decorated with black and yellow (the High School colors) and red hearts. A number of games were played. One, most amusing, in which each person had to do a "stunt," such as conjugating a Latin or French verb or reciting a poem.

The music for the dancing was provided by members of the class. Alec Walker played a violin, which was much appreciated. The merriment continued until 12 o'clock. Dr. Mason very kindly took those who came from a distance, home in his car.

## DIVISION 20

We were the guests of Division 18 at a class party at the home of Miss Ruth Hembroff, Craigdarroch Road. A very pleasant evening was spent in dancing, after which a buffet supper was served. The guests repaired to their homes at midnight. About fifty students were present.

\* \* \* \* \*

On February 25th we were entertained at a party at the home of Leighton McMicking, Linden Avenue. The evening was spent in dancing and games. The party concluded after a pleasant and interesting evening. About thirty students were present.



Harry Howard is progressing wonderfully in Algebra. During an Algebra period the teacher was endeavoring to show the absurd product which would be derived by multiplying days by dollars. He asked,

"What would be the result if dollars were multiplied by days?"

Reply by Harry Howard: "Please, sir; Dollar Day."

\* \* \* \* \*

Said a brilliant young scholar named Lucas,

"I've just been counting my toes, sir.

I make them eleven,

By the favor of heaven,

But perhaps I've included my nose, sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you heard our nautical Ford

Is to be Canada's First Sea Lord?

If I've made a mistake,

My words back I'll take,

But I wager we'll see him aboard.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

### DIVISION 21

We're the cream of school society,

We're brilliant as the sun;

We're disdaining notoriety,

Division Twenty-one.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our teacher says that we talk French so well that even a French man could hardly follow us. As for dancing—you ought to see Miss Wood pironette a la Francaise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Sangster is a very thoughtful little girl. Her latest labor saving device is this: When she has a hole in her stocking she applies some ink to the exposed surface. She has applied so much ink of late that she runs the risk of being called a "black-leg."

---

### DIVISION 22

Considering this is our first year in High School, we have already come into prominence in the athletic activities of the school. The final football game in the inter class series was played between our class and Division 10. Great credit is due to Division 10 for having defeated boys such as we are.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you want to know anything about Division 22, apply to any of the following:

1. Walter Devereux, who has an idea that he is old enough to shave without assistance. He came to school in long pants at Christmas.

2. Austin Little, who wields a wicked pen, and thereby attracts much attention. He came in long pants before Christmas.

3. Roy Carter, who is an adept in the art of screaming out his memory work.

4. Robert Nott, who does not know anything, and generally says something about nothing. Nott has been in long pants all the time.

5. Walter Griffith, whose hair and sweater are apt to take fire in the same conflagration.

6. Tom Little, who is our class President. "Dunderdale" nearly died once as a result of apple and raisin pie.

The above are just a few of the specimens that are to be found in our class. If you want to find some more, go to Division 18. We hear that there is a good assortment in that class.

---

### DIVISION 23

On February 24th, through the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Albinus Clarke, 314 Cook Street, who loaned their home for the occasion, the girls of Division 23 entertained the boys of Division 22 and others at a delightful dance. The excellent music for this jolly evening was supplied by Mr. Archie Clarke. Dainty refreshments were served, and the evening closed by the President of Division 23, who extended the appreciation of the class to the hostess for the hospitality to all present.

---

### PUZZLERS FOR DIVISION 24

Is Marion Adam?

Is Beth Grim's son?

Is Marion Mabel? (May-belle).

Who is Allison's Spouse?

Is Claude a descendent of Homer?

Has Colin A. Ford?

Is Is a belle?

What is Water-worth?

Is Edward Wiley?

Is Harry Robert's son?

\* \* \* \* \*

A stands for Miss Adam, a maid in our class.

B for Miss Briggs, who is never the last.

C in our class does not exist.

De Rousie and Davies come next on the list.

E is for Elliott, a partial is he.

F is for Ford, but not a "lizzie."

We've "R's" and we've "M's" and "W's" four,

Many illustrious students has Division 24.

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#### DIVISION 25

Of late, Howard Mallek, son of Mallek's Ladies' Furnishing Store, has come into prominence because of the fact that he has got a pair of Oxford brogues which he finds very difficult to keep clean. He puts his encased "pedes" well out in the aisle and carefully pulls his trousers up so that everybody may get an eyeful. We believe that he wears size elevens.

\* \* \* \* \*

Harris is the budding artist of Division 25. He has a very life-like portrait of George U. Clarke.

Harris also writes poetry, which also blooms.

\* \* \* \* \*

MacMurchie is Division 25's squawking doll. He takes a great delight in making horrible grunting groans and noises in Room 19 when anybody touches him or when anybody is speaking.

\* \* \* \* \*

Helen Gallies, who is Division 25's beauty, has recently been to a professional beautifier, the result being that pretty Helen has a very beautiful beauty spot in her eye, otherwise known as a sty.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eugene Murphy is the fighting Irishman of our class. We'll venture to say that it was his left hand which was 'struck so violently by Carey's right eye.

*Drop in and See the---*

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Alice Cox, the female mascot of Division 25, came parading into class one morning with two beautiful puffs, one adorning each ear. The morning following Alice appeared again, but a very forlorn looking object, for it was raining when she came to school and by the time she arrived in Room 33 her puffs had wilted completely and hung loosely around her head. It is hard to say what she had inside the puffs, but we strongly advise her to get something that will not dissolve so quickly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Recently Division 25 has been wondering if Annie Mobley has been taking a correspondence course in hairdressing, which she practises on herself. For about the last month she has been appearing each morning with her hair knotted up in a different way.

\* \* \* \* \*

Craigmyle, our flowering chemist, appears on the scene every morning with his hands all stained, which he says he got by trying to heat some nitric acid with an acetylene flame.

\* \* \* \* \*

Muriel Barberi is the most patriotic young lady in the class. The worst of it is, all her patriotism is for King Edward High. Still, if we ever play a game of rugby with the aforesaid school, they'll think we're good sports, as Muriel roots for them as strongly as twenty-five average girls could.

\* \* \* \* \*

If what is sometimes said about knowing a great deal and saying nothing is true, Alex Bruce must know most of his Maths books off by heart. However, he is very selfish and absolutely refuses to show us how to prove theorem 16. Still, he's very bright, in fact, so bright that we sometimes call him "sunny."

\* \* \* \* \*

Fox is the committee which looks after the entertainment of the class. His foolishness at times is very refreshing. We generally have three performances a week, and generally a few at 3.15. Everybody cordially invited. No collection.

\* \* \* \* \*

George U. Clarke is one of the most distinctive boys in the class, for the "U" stands for a name which, given the spelling, we defy any Matric in the school to pronounce. On the other hand, we bet that no one could spell it given the pronunciation. In fact his middle name is Urquhart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lorenzo Butler is a modern genius, for no matter what the book proof is, he has another for every theorem in the book. Also he can work out simple algebra in the dark (provided it is simple enough).

Walt Streeter is guaranteed to be the best Times carrier in the city, having had only one "kick" since he started to work there. We won't say how long he's been working there.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the way in which Yarrow Whitworth's head is lubricated we should judge his brain runs smoothly. There is enough vaseline on his hair to keep the Ford factory going a month.

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## • DIVISION 26

Division 26 has taken its full share in the sports of the school, and has a very good clas average in all its subjects, not forgetting the shop work in which the class is also taking a keen interest. There is no doubt that we have a fine number of teachers this term, and there is nothing in our little domain which should prevent each and every one in the class from moving forward at the end o fthe term. Carry on Division 26!

\* \* \* \* \*

## A Few Peculiarities of the Class

Conlan is the mystery boy of the class. He came from afar, was present a week, then disappeared to turn up again about a month later. He attended for another week, and then did the disappearing trick again, only to turn up again a few days ago, and is going strong, although he is as quiet as a tombstone and is retiring as an oyster.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our boys do not attend the social functions of the school. We are not all dancers. McElhoes, Sloane and Ogilvy do all the dancing for the class.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stratford tried to improve his appearance the other week by getting rid of his eyelashes and eyebrows. He used neither scissors nor razor, but got the hot blast of the fierce fiery furnace in the technical workshop to do the hair-removing trick for him in less time than it takes to say Jack Robinson.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sloane intends to petition the Government for a 36 hour day. He finds a 24 hour day all too short for the homework he has to do.

Bevan-Pritchard is an expert on golf-balls. He knows all about them, especially their weight, hardness and speed. He stopped one with his head the other day. When the ball was picked up it was found to be full of slivers.

\* \* \* \* \*

We also have some budding orators in our class. We have speeches every week, and so far the speeches have been fairly varied and very instructive. They have been on Bees, Evolution, Lighthouses, History of the Rifle, Seal Hunting, Motor Trips, Alaska, Farming, Ranching, Paper Making, Legends of Scotland, and Lumbering.

\* \* \* \* \*

Carey, the wild Irishman of our class, came to school the other day with a lovely black eye. We call it black, but it was really all the colors of the rainbow. He got it in a fight in which he gave his opponent a terrific smash on the left fist with his right eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sam Espley is neither the biggest nor the strongest boy in our class, but he has a prodigious and powerful memory. Sam can rattle off his memory work like an inspired parrot.



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## DIVISION 30

Gift suggestion for teachers' birthdays: new joke books.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Lucas—Tanner, spell "quinine."

Tanner—Q-u-i-n-i-n-e.

Miss Lucas—What does it mean?

Tanner—Kitchen.

We advise this brilliant youth to consult a French dictionary and ascertain the difference between cuisine and quinine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Suggestion for Commercial students who find it difficult to sleep at night: Take a Grammalog and Phrase text book to bed with you.

\* \* \* \* \*

If Division 28 worked as hard as they imagine they do, they might possibly arrive in a position to compete with Division 30.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Signs of Spring

Seed catalogues are being consulted; skirts are becoming shorter and men's looks longer; taxation is increasing and the poor man's purse decreasing; High School education becomes more expensive, causing many students to imagine that they live outside the city limits; Inspector Deane pays us a visit occasionally, leaving nervous wrecks in his wake, and the approaching exams cast foreboding shadows upon our happy community.

## THE DUCKS OF DIVISION 26

Harry Plowright is the dux of Division 26 in French. For gaining this signal honor he was presented by his teacher with a most appropriate prize, a brace of ducks—sugar ones—with yellow ribbons round their necks.

The class was overcome by the unexpectedness, the munificence, and the appropriateness of the reward, and felt deeply indebted to their highly respected and gifted teacher, Mr. Rush. Indeed, their gratitude was so great that they resolved to present to their teacher a testimonial in token of their appreciation of the interest he took in them and of the unparalleled generosity displayed to encourage the study of French.

With this end in view they had foregathered in their own room, Harry Plowright, the dux, presiding, and the ducks proudly displayed to the view of his admiring and half-envious mates.

The enthusiasm and the excitement were intense as Capt. Boyd entered the room. He demanded the cause of the hushed expectancy and kindly looks of enthusiasm on the faces of his class. Dave Ogilvy spoke in a voice throbbing with excitement, and told of the magnanimity of Mr. Rush. A burst of loud, brutal but hearty laughter broke from Capt. Boyd. When the peal of laughter had ceased he roared out: "What an ingenious way to get rid of those blessed ducks. He won them last night as a booby prize at a bridge party!"

The class unanimously agreed to send the testimonial to Mr. Rush, but to alter the tone of it completely.



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